

Or padding in your necke with his damnd Fingers,
Make you to rauce all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide. Who would do so,
No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall let me packing:

He luge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.

These profound heaues

You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.

Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The vnseene good old man.

King. On heauy deed;

It had bin so with vs had we bene there:

His Liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your selfe, to vs, to euerie one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?

It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence

Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,

We would not vnderstand what was most fit,

But like the Owner of a foule disease,

To keepe it from diuulging, let's it feede

Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,

O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare

Among a Minerall of Mettels bafe

Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away:

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,

But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,

We must with all our Maiesty and Skill

Both countenance, and excuse.

Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho Guildenstern:

Friends both go Ioyne you with some further ayde:

Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,

And from his Mother Closters hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come Gertrude, we'll call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noyse? Who calls on Hamlet?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildenstern.*

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeeue it.

Rosin. Beleeeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine

owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what re-

plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his

Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King

best seruice in the end. He keepe them like an Ape in

the corner of his iaw, first moun'd to be last swallowed,

when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-

zing you, and Spunge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleeps in a

foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,

and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not

with the body. The King, is a thing —

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all

after. *Exit.*

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:

Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:

Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:

And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd

But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,

This fodaine lending him away, must seeme

Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,

By desperate appliance are releued,

Or not at all. *Enter Rosinocrane.*

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your

pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Hoa, Guildenstern? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-

taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm

is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else

to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magors. Your fat King,

and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,

but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius.

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-

ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your

selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you

shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety

Which we do tender, as we deerely greue

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,

The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,

Th'Associates tend, and euerie thing at bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for

England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and

wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,

for England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euerie thing is Seal'd and done

That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make hast.

And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,

As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,

Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe

Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set

Our Soueraigne Proceesse, which imports at full

By Letters coniuering to that effect

The present death of Hamlet. Do it England,

For like the Hecicke in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,

How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,

Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras

Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March

Over his Kingdome. You know the Renduous:

If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,

We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,

And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode

will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she haue?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; saies she heares

There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,

Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speaks things in doubt,

That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,

Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,

And both the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, i

Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. Twere good she were spoken with,

For she may strew dangerous coniectures

In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)

Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,

So full of Artlesse ieaousie is guilt,

It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now Ophelia?

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one?

By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,

At his head a grasse-green Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia.

Ophe. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the graue did not go,

With true-loue showres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was

a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but

know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when

they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,

And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,

Alacke, and fie for shame:

Yong men wil doe't, if they come too't,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed:

So would I ha done by yonder Saine,

And thou had'st not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bin thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,

but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should

lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,

and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my

Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:

Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,

Giue her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs

All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,

But in Battalies. First, her Father slaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,

Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers

For good Polonius death; and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia

Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,

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